By DON MARQUIS.

He snarled.

WEEK IN RHYME

THE folk who ride in motor cars Must modulate their honkers. No kissing will be countenanced In elemental Yonkers.

Duke Nicholas took Erzerum-We hope he won't regret it. Berlin ran out

Of sauerkraut, And some say Root may get it! The price of radium has dropped To thirty thousand dollars. A genius has devised a scheme

For taming wilful collars. You take them when they're very young. And always treat them kindly, Until at last

They grip you fast. And love, and serve you blindly.



The Russians take Erzerum.

Armed merchantmen must never shoot The submarines that sink them.

Exalted thoughts, we understand. Corrode the brains that think them. A cab horse died in East New York

Of chronic melancholy. The subway probe Would interest Job. And aren't the lawyers jolly? Miss Farrar's Carmen was a bit Too humid for Caruso. Sir Barnes must wreck the Colonel's hopes

Although he grieves to do so. A spinster left her faithful cat A joyous sum of money,

Artistic hair Is in the air. And Perkins passed the honey.



A horse dies of melancholia.

FOR LOVERS ONLY

Childe Castle joined the flying corps— May Mercury attend him!

Chas. Whitman modestly implored

His friends to recommend him.

A savant said that angleworms Were very tender hearted.

They weep to flout The trustful trout-

And winter has departed.*

'Tis said that dogs are not an aid To culture and refinement. An officer who told the truth Was doomed to close confinement.

Sir Woodrow plans a better world Shaped somewhat after Eden,

These double rhymes Come hard, at times, And England's mad at Sweden.

*Subject to C. W. N.

OROTHEA made no secret of the fact when she married me that she married

me to Reform me. For years I was inclined to think the was going too far with it. I willingly gave up all the habits I could get, with the exception of the tobacco habit, and now I wish that I had

given that up.

Dorothea's passion for perfection is so strong

her desire to uplift the world is so feverishly

consuming—that she is not quite happy unless she is reforming some one. For many years I pursued the policy of taking on a new habit as soon as she had reformed me from an old one, for I could not bear to think of Dozothea being denied an outlet for her righteousness it seemed to me that it would be a cruel thing if Dorothea should ever find herself without material to work upon. So, as I said, I clung to the tebacco imbit in spite of everything. I let other habits come and go as they would; but I established the tobacco habit as a permanency, so that never by any possibility would Dorothea find herself out of an occuration.

Alas! My kindness was mistaken! But to my story—to my tale of why I would now quit even the tobacco habit, if I could.

We had a Dog. An innocent little Dog. He

was refined. He was spiritual. He had brown eyes. He was affectionate. eyes. He was affectionate.

He was perfect. He was all that I should have been. He was all that the world should have if Dorothea had been able to do as she liked

Falling to make me perfect, failing to make the world perfect, Dorothea had achieved perfection in this Dog

Often she has said to me: "Philander Tomp-

i held.

DOROTHEA THE UPLIFTER

nicotine, from one of those orgies of iniquity known as a Smoker. Poison, the poison to which I was inured,

dripped from every pore. My wife met me at the door. I was about to

But Wally sprang between us. He could not bear to see me kiss her. He was righteously in-dignant that such a drugged and nicotine-drunken mortal as I should embrace Dorothea, his idol.

He bit me in the calf of my leg. He had never liked me, but it was the first time that we had ever come to blows, or that one of us had bitten the other. Wally, heretofore, had been too much the gentleman to bite me. And I had been afraid to bite Wally.

But, in the defence of Dorothes, he bit me. Wally! Wally! Poor, poor Wally! The nicotine entered his system almost at once. There are some things too painful to describe

I draw a veil over his final agonles. In an hour Wally lay dead in Dorothea's arms.
My own sufferings * * my remorse
* Ah, only those who have been as I
was—as I am yet!—can understand!

But I am trying to save myself. At least Wally

shall not have lived in vain.

Exactly at midnight, the twenty-fifth of March, the anniversary of the moment on which Wally

bit me, I will sign the non-smokers' pledge.

I would have given up tobacco immediately upon the death of Wally, but I saw that it would not do. My wife's grief was so terrible that she could have become crazed had she not been able to occupy her mind. So I kept on with the to

TALES OF A JEALOUS WIFE IV .-- The Lure of a Suburban Siren

By TOM MASSON.

** T T was you who suggested our moving into the suburbs," said Harold Peasely, "because you thought, I suppose, that I would be better safeguarded here than in the "Safeguarded!" repeated his wife. "Any one

would think to hear you talk that I was jealous. I don't suppose any woman ever lived who had any less of that than I have. Above all things, I want my husband to be a free man."
Harold Peasely had heard this before, and more

of it. He cursed himself for using the word safe-

He took her hand in his, for he really loved her. We sometimes see such cases, even in cities, and the change to their neat little cottage in Blightville, forty minutes from his office on the fast express in the morning and about eighty minutes from Broadway to his home on the midnight accommodation—all this had somehow

drawn them closer together.

"Don't you know," he said, "that it takes time to get acquainted. In a couple of years from now you will be a local society leader. All you must do is to be seen every other Sunday, alternately on the golf links and at church, wear an eighty horse-power street gown when yeu walk down the avenue, buy all the subscription tickets that are sent you and advertise that you are a twelve cylinder bridge player—do all this, darling, and



An 80 H. P. street gown.

in about nineteen months you will be so popular around town that the cook will have to call you up over the telephone to find out what we are to have for breakfast. But listen, I have better news than this. We are favored by heaven. I have met a man." "Who?"

"The amiable man who lives next door. His name is Meryton. I have known him very slightly -for years in a business way—we have both lost money through the same broker. He greeted me this morning as we were about to board the 7:55. His wife is coming to call on you to-morrow.' Myrtle Peasely gasped and turned pale.

This is terrible " she cried. "They must be highly undestrable people. I'm told that anybody who calls on a newcomer within two years after they have moved into a place is always some one you ought not to know."
"On the contrary," said Harold, "They are

very nice. The fact that they live next door to us probably makes it necessary for them to recognize us sooner. She is a handsome little voman. She was on the train with him." Myrtle's color heightened at this.

"So you met her, did you?" she said. "A handsome little woman."

All that day she kept repeating his words to herself, overcome by a dull sense of coming dis-aster. "A handsome little woman." She went about her duties methodically.

In the afternoon her next door neighbor ac-Mrs. Meryton's husband had been so fortunate

as to meet Peasely that morning, the caller said. was such a relief for them to know that they had such good neighbors. They had been quite anxious about it. Did the Peaselys like it? was of course rather bleak now, but when the pussy willows got on their spring furs and all the lawn mowers began to gossip with each other and the early roses bloomed Blightville had the garden of Eden backed off the map-or words to that effect. And there was to be a dance at the country club that night and the Peaselys must join them. You can't say that you have an engagement."

Mrs. Meryton added triumphantly, "because you've just moved in; and your handsome husband says he is crazy about dancing." Handsome husband! Crazy about dancing! Myrtle shuddered with apprehension.

That night when Harold Peasely came home his wife confronted him. "So you have deceived me! You didn't tell me we were going to a dance to-night!"
"Are we?" he asked innocently.

"We are. That woman is a cat. Her occupation is to lead astray good men who come out here to lead quiet, peaceful lives. I know that kind. She came over here for the purpose of causing trouble. She will begin with luring you

on to dance with her and then will break up our home. Listen to this." She produced a newspaper cutting, which she triumphantly read as follows: "In every suburban settlement there is always

one dangerous woman." "I found this in my mail to-day," she said. "The unknown person who sent that to me was a true friend-one who knew." Well, my dear, she is certainly beginning

We have scarcely moved in our furniture Our busy little home breaker is certainly But are we going to the dance?" He spoke with some anxiety. "We must go, of course. It is out best chance

to get acquainted with the social set of Blightville. I will guard you, Harold." "But, Myrtle, I shall have to ask her to dance with me out of courtesy."

Myrtle reflected. Yes, yes, I know that; but it must stop there. Promise me that it will go no further."

Harold Peasely looked at his wife uneasily. It was undeniable that he was going through a supreme struggle. What strange, mystle influence is it that surrounds some fives? What singular

fate, what deadly finality decides our happiness? "Myrtle," he whispered hoarsely, "the sion I am about to make to you comes from the depths of a tortured soul. But it is best I should tell all. From the moment I met that woman next door she has exercised a strange fascination over me. You know, dear, how weak I am

country club. That woman's eyes will baunt me, her breath will mingle with mine; there will be sensuous music, such as they have now in abundance at all country clubs. God help me; how am ! to resist?" The effect upon Myrtle Peasely was instant.

She folded him in her arms.
"Never fear, Harold," she said. "This is the



The dance at the Country Club.

first time you have ever admitted to me that a are weak, and that is the most hopeful sign. you had laughed away my fears with der laughter then I would have despaired go to the dance. You will dance with Mrs. Mer ton. Then if her fatal influence becomes t strong I shall be there to fight for my own. life is a struggle, Harold. We may as well determine the issue to-night."

"Spoken like the brave, true woman that you

Meryton telephoned a little later that it would be a good idea for them to take dinner togethe the club. This arrangement was consummate All through the dinner Myrtle felt a strange sens of unrest. Meryton himself felt uneasy. Hard niso was not quite right. Only Mrs. Merytor vivacious and beautiful, was blissfully uncor scious. She really appeared to be enjoying be-

The music began.

"Heavenly!" murmured Mrs. Meryton. Harold, under her spell, held out his arms Meryton meanwhile had seized Mrs. Peasely. The dance was on. The music stopped, there was lively applied again the music started up and again stopped

The crisis had come. 'Harold' Myrtle Peasely stood before her husband, pa

stermined.
"Come with me!" Mrs. Meryton loss em in amazement. At this moment Me hurried up.

Pardon me. Can I see you alone one in he whispered to Myrtle. He led her out crowd into a small anteroom. He was pale, "Mrs. Peasely," he spokely quietly, "this

"Your affair?" "Yes. My wife has come under your f-

handsome husband's spell." "You mean "It makes no difference. I saw the

look into each other's eyes. That was each I shall defend my honor with my life if needs Trust all to me. There will be no blood



A quiet game upstairs

can help it. I will take him qu make it all plain to him as man leaswhile you and my wife must start preserve appearance. In a small p it would never do for you to leave plenty of partners among the you no more! Leave everything to me no more! Leaving her and crossing the roa Peasely by the arm. In an instant t hath disappeared.

The next morning Mrs. Per husband:

"By the way, how much did "Ha! You have guessed! "It was easy. You two men dida until 1 o'clock to take us home. I k

were both up stairs playing poker you who mailed me that anony wasn't it? And you two men con to get away from us, didn't you?"
Harold Peasely folded his arms e-"Righto," he said. "Are you and

dear?" She shook her head.

"No," she said. "It was such that you would rather play polyour next door neighbor them don that I don't feel builty aims

reform within reach.

Edited by TOM MASSON. (Note: This column is a helpful department

all those who are interested in love in all its forms, sentiments, osculations, yearnings, courtships-in fact everything dealing with the only subject in life that is worth thinking or

RE sofas becoming more efficient? The sofa A beautiful came into use in the highest any lt may be doubted, however, whether any lt may be doubted, however, producing beautiful came into use in the year 1902. real progress has been made toward producing ease and certainty of courtship which prevailed during the horsehair period. In these days of publicity the sofa is having

a hard time of it. Surrounded by telephones and obstructing the main channel for incoming and outgoing servants, two people on a sofa are singularly handicapped. Sofas should be placed under Government control, in order to produce that privacy so sadly needed to preserve the future of the State. Every

sofa is entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of

THE modern young woman gazed critically at the modern young man. "You are sure," she said, "that you wish to marry me? Nothing could after your de

Nothing." "In case I should accept you would you be will-ing to fill in at any time at one of my dinner or bridge parties-I mean of course when I really need some one?

should be delighted." You will. I presume, permit me to go away In the summertime and spend as much money as

please at any place which my fancy dictates?' "In case I should desire to roam over Europe plone you would have no objections?"

None whatever. "It is necessary for the in order to maintain position in metropolitan circles to become by sterical over all the lates, fads. This means at 1 will probably have literary freaks, behavior impossibilities, suffragette caucuses and other highbrow functions in our house at any time. You would welcome all of these, would

"With open arms, for your sake." "I shall of course have to include in the latest and smartest effects in clothes, no matter what the extremes may lead to. I trust that this would not disturb your screnity or make you express in any way any feeling of shame?"
"Impossible! You can go as far as you like."
"Suppose that I should become engenically in-

It would be my great pleasure to praise your

The young woman moved a trifle nearer.

"Just one more question," she said. "Will you go to the opera with me at the matinees every Saturday afternoon?" Then the young man got up, folded his arms

"Never! I love you dearly, I am willing to make all kinds of a fool of myself and to do anything that any metropolitan husband is obliged to do in these baleyon days, but I'll be eternally frizzled if I lose my self-respect to the extent of attending the opera with any grown woman in

'Answered like a hero!" she exclaimed, clasping him fondly in her arms. "It is the one thing that I didn't want you to do. Oh, how grand it is to feel at least that I am marrying a true man."

Answer to Correspondent. DEAR EDITOR: I am a married man long past middle age, living in a large city and still in love with my wife. She is in fact the only woman I have ever loved. We are also living within our ncome. I am an American. What shall I do?

This strange and almost pathetic case will excite the sympathy of every one. We can offer no hope to our correspondent. Subjected to all the temptations of the city, if he still loves only one woman we do not see that he has anything to look forward to but death-and a sure

THE HABIT OF KNOWING WHAT IS GOING ON.

THE habit of knowing what is going on is rapidly becoming an obsession with most people. It grows by what it feeds upon. There was a time when one man's news was another man's poison. Now everybody reads the news, and inasmuch as the human system has been able to adapt itself to the deadliest poisons, so it has adapted itself to the habit of

knowing what is going on. There was a man once who thought he would stop this habit. He began first by omitting the magazines. That wasn't so hard. After a while he got so that he read only one newspaper. He had gone through the various stages, lopping off little by little his source of daily information until he got down to one paper. Then with a supreme effort he discarded that.

He couldn't talk to his friends because their conversation was made up of inferences and speculations of what was going to happen tomorrow, based on what they had read that morning. He could not discuss the question of government because he had no editorial page

Later they took him to a private sanitarium. He is still there as a warning to the world.

In defence of Dorothea, he bit me. kins, if only you were more like Wally! You bacco in order that she would have some one to should be ashamed to allow a Dog to excel you

in Spiritual Perfection, in Moral Integrity Esthetic Perception! You should be ashamed! Dorothea loved that Dog. She lavished upon him all that love and adoration which only a woman whose children prefer the society of servants can feel for a Dog.

His name was Wally-short for Walter Pater. And Wally was not merely a Moral Dog; he was also, as I have hinted, an Æsthetic Dog. He loved music. Not Wagner, Wagner was too coarse and crude and loud for Wally's nerves.

Dorothea said. But he loved Brahms and Grieg Dorothea used to sit at the piano and play for him by the hour. Wally loved all the arts. I shall never forget Wally's first cubist drawing afti the pride and joy with which Dorothea exhibited it to her own little circle, her Sorority of Passionate Uplifters and

Wally could do everything but speak. He often tried to do that. Dorothea firmly believed that the soul of an East Indian Yogi looked at her out of Wally's eyes. He was a sweet spiritual in fluence around our house.

My wife never allowed the children to associate with Wally for fear their influence would corrupt him. He used to sob when Dorothea read to him the sonnets of Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Naturally, I was not popular with Wally. I was a brute. I felt myself to be his inferior. He couraged the feeling. So, I may add, did Dorothea. It was no wonder. I always recked with to-

bacco. Other habits came and went, but I still

clung to tobacco. I soaked myself with nicotine.

that is, to every one but myself, in the quantities in which I used it. I was like Mithridates, the Oriental king of ancient days, who had gradually accustomed himself to the use of all sorts of noxious drugs, so that if any one put poison in his food it would have no effect upon him. I wish that I could convey to non-smokers, or to moderate smokers, some adequate idea of the state I was in because of Read De Quincy's Confessions of an Opium Eater—and I have eaten opium too, in my time-just to have a habit that Dorothea might happily and triumphantly break me of—and even then you will scarcely realize the condition I was n because of nicotine.

But now—remorse chokes my utterance. . . . Wally! Wally! Wally! How can I go on? But I must. I will be brave. I will tell all. will lay bare my quivering soul and show my helnous crime. I will spare myself nothing.

is constantly experiencing continuous humiliation over his own shortcomings. About the only pleasure that he really gets out of life is in the contemplation of those people who have no sense

of humor, and even this feeling he can share with nobody else but himself.

One night—it will be a year exactly on the 25th of March, 1916—at midnight, I staggered nome. I staggered home reeling and reeking with

ending source of amusement-that is, to the other I was saturated with this deadly poison. Deadly, There is supposed to be a law of compensation. a man is lacking in sense of humor he must have other qualities to make up the deficiency. And what, pray, are these abounding qualities? One of them is a sense of his own importance

I even, after the death of Wally, added another

Alas! Dorothes has no idea of the sacrifices

habit or two. But the grief which I have suffered

secretly I can bear no longer. I will sign the

which I make for her sake! She has no idea

that she might have something tangible to work

HUMOR.

TERE'S to those ladies and gentlemen, wher-

sympathy in their dilemma. On the contrary,

It would be extremely unfortunate also if by

some miracle of nature they should suddenly become imbued with a sense of humor. Under

these harrowing circumstances what would we We should all be laughing at each other

and enjoying it altogether too much. It would be a sad state of affairs.

does not know it. Furthermore, he resents it when he sees it in any one else. He does not

know why he resents it. He simply feels that

When a man who has no sense of humor en

begins to acquire a contempt for this irre-

deavors to talk with a man who has he immedi-

sponsible gentleman. This in itself is a never

At present a man who has no sense of humor

ever they may be located, who have no

sense of humor. We do not intend, even if we had the desire, to offer them our consolation

we rather feel that they are entitled to a certain

Brute!" was her only answer.

amount of homage and respect.

there is something wrong.

Once I told her so.

ow many habits, habits I hate, I have taken up

Another is a perfect conviction of the irresponsibility and general futility of any one else. What more can any reasonable human being ask than a combination of these two qualities? They afford one a perfect and continuous sense of satisfaction. That inferfor character, however, who does have a sense of humor has absolutely nothing to fall back upon. The moment that he becomes serious he suddenly discovers that in the grand

consequence. This makes him immediately laugh The result is that a man with a sense of humor

scheme of things his seriousness is really of no

Now that I am with you I feel strong, resource ful. But I tremble for myself te-night at the

"And she is some days - believe